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best human physiologist ; but Hunter had, with the eye of a master, looked all creation through. Not merely his own species, but the long series of living things extending from man, down to the lowest zoophyte, had all claimed a share of his attention ; and he had studied life from the top to the bottom of this immense scale of being, as one grand whole.

What Bichat might have accomplished, how nearly he might have arrived to an equal standing with the great man, to whom we have compared him, it is impossible to conjecture. It is the highest praise that we could give him, to be named in such a connexion. That he could have effected as great a change in medicine, as was effected by Hunter in surgery, was not to have been expected. That he would have done much, that he would have given a great impulse, and in some important respects a new direction to the inquiries of physicians, there can be little doubt, and indeed this consequence is in some measure to be anticipated from the influence of the works he has left behind him.



ART. VIII.—*Julia Sévère, ou l'An quatre cent quatre vingt douze. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.* 3 vols. 12mo. Paris 1822.

IN the course of some remarks in a former number on Mr Hope's *Anastasius*, we could not help dwelling a moment on the change, which has taken place in the department of novel writing. We repeated the names of some of the most distinguished writers, English and continental, of the last generation, who had exercised their talents in this way ; till novels and romances had become the vehicles of the finest efforts of the understanding.—As far as the strict novel form is concerned, this may be considered an innovation of the present day ; a new course struck out by the ever active invention or changeful caprice in man. But the operation of that general principle, whereby we seek to make grave truths attractive, by the form in which they are delivered, may be traced back to the oldest periods of written literature. Most of the ancient philosophers acted upon it. Cicero and Plato strove to secure for their moral and metaphysical discussions all that interest, which the names of some of the most distinguished personages in Grecian and Roman history, or of their most celebrated con-

temporaries could add to the philosophical dialogues carried on in their names. Xenophon gave his political theory the clothing of a gorgeous oriental romance; and if we judge from the internal character rather than the outward form, the *Iliad* itself is a primitive Waverly novel, and if there is any faith in German lore, its authorship is as great a secret as that, which is so admirably kept at the present day.

It would not be easy to say, to which of the prominent nations of modern Europe the palm should be assigned, in this species of composition. Some of the very first geniuses of all of them have cultivated it; and if the Waverly novels upon the whole be accounted the most wonderful for the united considerations of their great number, rapid succession, wonderful excellence and concealed origin, it must be recollected that Rousseau and de Stael, Gœthe and Wieland are names able to sustain almost any competition, and that Foscolo's single effort has appeared in London in the fifteenth edition. It is not without some feeling of national pride, that we are able to add, among the names of the most popular writers of the age, that of our own countryman, the ingenious Mr Crayon, who has also consecrated his delicate taste and happy fancy to a kindred department of fine writing.

In the work before us, M. Sismondi has entered the same field; but we doubt whether his appearance there will add to his own reputation or that of his country in this branch of literature. It has been supposed that the illustrious unknown in England, with a modesty as noble as his genius, at first concealed his name through fear for the reception of his work. And we do now most distinctly remember that many nice judges, whose opinion of a work is much prompted by a knowledge of the author, who have a sort of intuition at finding out that great geniuses can produce fine poems, and who can tell at a glance that ingenious writers produce curious books, were extremely in doubt when Waverley appeared, 'whether the thing would do.' We are not sure that M. Sismondi would not have done well to imitate the reserve, even if he had no occasion to feel the diffidence of the great author, with whom he ventures in some degree to compare himself. Few writers of the present day can boast a more extensive popularity than M. Sismondi. And if the number of his works of historical research, make it necessary to give him the name of compiler, it cannot be denied that he stands highest on that

list, and needed but to have written less to have been ranked with the classical historians. We are even aware that we cannot expect to carry all our readers along with us in denying him a place among the latter; and our brethren of the Edinburgh Review have bestowed on his history of France such encomiums, as show, whether just or not, that few writers of the present day have a greater reputation at stake. Had he concealed his authorship in this new department, till he had ascertained his success, he would, we think, have better consulted the interests of this reputation. In order to justify this opinion, we beg leave to offer our readers an extract from the preface, as a guide to M. Sismondi's views in the composition of this work.

‘While,’ says he, ‘in a work of a more serious cast,\* I have attempted to exhibit more clearly, than has yet been done, the connexion of public events, the great historical characters, the victories and the disasters, the exalted virtues and the crimes of the French people and kings, I was desirous at each grand revolution, to be able to exhibit to my readers the common life in an imaginary sketch, and in fabulous personages; under the guidance always of historical researches, and in scrupulous conformity, as to opinions, and national characters, with contemporary writers.

‘The work then,’ continues M. Sismondi, ‘which I now offer the public is intended to paint the condition of Gaul, at the period of the invasion of Clovis. It is the fruit of the researches and labors, which I had devoted to the composition of the first volumes of my *History of the French*. The historian is obliged, in some degree, to live in the age which he proposes to describe, while the effort necessary to this is scarcely expected of the novelist. Had I had no other design than to write this novel, I certainly should not have read three times in succession Gregory of Tours, nor grown pale over all the Chronicles, and all the codes of law, and all the lives of the saints of this period.

The mottoes, which I have attached to each chapter *in imitation of the author of those admirable Scottish novels, which I wish mine resembled more*, are all drawn from contemporary authors; they are designed to show how nearly the scenes, which I have presented to the imagination, approach to the realities of that age.’

\* M. Sismondi here alludes to his *Histoire de Français*, of which the first portion appeared last year, in three volumes, containing the history of France from the fourth to the tenth century, under the Merovingians and Carolingians.—The work is to be continued in portions, of from two to three volumes.

M. Sismondi also informs us, in his preface, that the principal personages and incidents of the tale are imaginary.

With regard to the general character of this work, it appears to us that what merit it possesses is that of an antiquarian essay, and not of a novel. In other words, M. Sismondi appears to us wholly to have failed in solving the problem, which was involved in the composition of such a work; namely, to write an interesting *novel*, of which the scene should be laid in the age of Clovis. We are not disposed to question the accuracy, with which he has painted the manners of the age, nor the fidelity with which he has derived his materials from monkish chronicles and barbarous codes, and legends of forgotten saints. He has been able, in consequence of these studies, to draw some instructive sketches of the manners and opinions of the age. But here his success stops. The story is of ordinary merit, and sinks, for the greater part of it, to the common machinery of the works of the Minerva press. There is in the composition of the work, if we mistake not, a visible difference between the former and latter portion. The first is far more antiquarian and learned, and the author probably felt, as he proceeded, that it was getting to be a laborious and uninteresting essay. He accordingly plunged into the opposite extreme, and conjured up at once the whole apparatus of ruined castles, subterraneous passages, spring doors, sliding pannels, robbers, and convents. Had this thing come by study, he might have learned of 'the admirable Scottish novels,' that antiquarian lore and romantic adventure could not thus, by mechanical admixture, be made to balance each other, so that the romance should render the learning attractive in one chapter, and the learning impart its gravity to the romance in another; but that by a wonderful chemistry, of which that author alone seems fully to possess the secret, they should be amalgamated, and a strong human interest of character and incident be breathed into the manners of ages past. What, if possible, renders M. Sismondi's course more fatiguing to the imagination is the downright honesty, with which he informs us in the title of each chapter, of the point in antiquity, which forms the topic of the Essay, an error not unlike that of our most excellent countryman, whom we are too pleased to keep naming, who has inserted in the index of his *Bracebridge*, some more titles than there are subjects to the chapters. M. Sismondi, too, has plainly mistaken the object of the mottoes of

the Scottish and other British novels, if he supposes it to be that, at which he has aimed in his own. In the Scottish novels, they are neither regularly nor in the greater number of instances from writers contemporary with the action of the story. When they are not inserted only as a part of the artificial form of this species of composition, the design of them we presume merely to be, after affording a faint indication of the business of the chapter, to amuse the reader's mind with a beautiful quotation, applied in a sense different from that in which it was composed, and (as it has been held by an ingenious American writer), as a quotation always ought to be, in an acceptance *parce detorta*. An amusing essay will we doubt not one day be written, on the mottoes of the author of *Waverley*; and some future Alexandrian of England or America will, as likely as not, attempt to publish in an uniform edition the fragments—*quotquot supersunt*—of the 'Old Play.' Meantime M. Sismondi appears to have taken that name too literally, in garnishing his chapters with long quotations from monkish chronicles and lives of the saints. It is, however, time to proceed from these somewhat minute criticisms to such a general sketch of the story as, with a translated specimen, will enable our readers to estimate its merit.

Julia Severa is the only daughter of Julius Severus, count of Chartres, a titular Roman senator and wealthy lord in Gaul, at the close of the fifth century. While her father had left his home at Chartres to repair to the court of Clovis at Soissons, to negotiate a treaty with that barbarous monarch, the chief of one of the tribes of Franks, another tribe of the same nation, falls upon Chartres, and Julia Severa is compelled, with the rest of the inhabitants, to fly before them. Their flight is arrested by the Loire, and the gathering band of fugitives is there perceived on the opposite bank by Sylvia Numantia and Felix, her son, noble and wealthy proprietors of Noviliacum, a rural villa between the Loire and Cher. Felix, prompted by humanity, but ignorant of the cause of the assembly on the opposite bank, crosses the river to the relief of the fugitives, learns their condition, and with great intrepidity and disinterestedness succeeds in transporting the whole company in his boats across the river, at the moment when the advance of the barbarians had well nigh overtaken them. Julia Severa immediately attracts the notice of Sylvia Numantia and her son, is lodged with becoming attendance at the castle of Noviliacum,

and a few pages afford the reader, expert in affairs of the heart, sufficient indication that Felix and Julia are the hero and heroine of the piece, and of course destined to marry each other. To bring about this happy event is the author's design at the end of the third volume: the delays thrown in its way are to make up the business of the tale. The first obstacle arises from the circumstance that Julius Severus, while negotiating for the confederate cities of Gaul a treaty of peace at the court of Clovis, conceives the design of bringing about an union between that young, ambitious, and insinuating barbarous prince and his own daughter Julia Severa. It sufficiently comported with the politics of Clovis to form a temporary alliance with a powerful Gaulish family, while means enough would offer themselves, at any future time, to disembarass himself of the connexion, should it prove onerous; the law of divorce, to the great scandal of the jurisprudence of the Franks, having been as lax in the days of Clovis, as in those of the empress Josephine. Julius Severus, having acquired the confidence of Clovis, soon succeeds in awakening the desire of this barbarous prince to espouse his daughter. Felix, meantime, in the manner we have mentioned, becomes attached to her, she is equally sensible of the merits of the young Roman lord, and their hearts are pledged to each other. For the sake of entering into some capitulation for the protection of the country between the Loire and the Cher, Felix also repairs to the court of Clovis at Soissons, and there becomes acquainted with the projected union of his mistress and the king of the Franks. This is the first distress in the plot; and as it opposes to the desires of the lovers the will of a father and the pleasure of a barbarous conqueror, the book might seem in danger of drawing to a speedy close. It happens, however, that Julius Severus, though openly a convert to the not yet universally established belief of christianity, is secretly devoted to the ancient gods of Rome, a fact suspected by the neighboring christian priesthood. Anticipating injury to christianity, should Clovis, the barbarous conqueror, ally himself with the daughter of a worshipper of the ancient gods of Rome, the archbishop of Rheims and the bishop of Tours exert themselves to prevent the union of Julia Severa and Clovis, and this measure of ecclesiastical policy forms a considerable portion of the business of the work, and is conducted as follows. Julius Severus, having concluded with Clovis a treaty of mar-

riage with his daughter, sends a matron to conduct her from her place of refuge at Noviliacum to the court of Clovis at Soissons. Felix, who, as we have said, was also on business of state at Soissons, in despair at the approaching death blow to his hopes, hastens home to Noviliacum, to enjoy one last interview with his mistress, or if possible concert means for their escape and union with each other. They appoint a meeting at Hesodunum, a ruined and desolate city on the banks of the Loire, built by the Celts, and amply furnished with secret passages and subterraneous communications, once contrived for defence, but now made use of as the covert of the numerous hordes of banditti, with which the distracted country is infested. Toward the close of a happy day passed together, Felix and Julia are descending from the citadel of the ruined tower to the river side, by means of one of these subterraneous passages, preceded at a short distance by Sylvia Numantia, who has the matronly discretion to allow the lovers to talk over their matters, without the embarrassment of a witness. On arriving at the outlet of the passage, followed as she thought at a short distance by Felix and Julia, the matron looks round and beholds, with bewildered feelings, that a massy door of solid rock has closed behind her, and forbids all further egress. She sends her slaves to the other extremity, and finds it closed in like manner. No art or skill suffices to open these heavy portals thus mysteriously closed, and she is left to the distressing conclusion, that the party had been waylaid by a band of robbers, and her son and Sylvia surprized in the passage. A day or two is passed in forcing and exploring the vaults; and when they are at last penetrated, Julia and Felix are nowhere to be found. They had, in reality, not been waylaid by robbers, but by the emissaries of Volusianus, bishop of Tours, who, to prevent the union of Julia and Clovis, adjudged it the most effectual step to shut them both up privately in the walls of a convent at Tours. Here the story halts a little, since it does not appear why it was necessary to confine Felix, whose liberty and marriage with Julia would have promoted the policy of the priesthood, as effectually and less violently. To a convent at Tours, however, they are both by stealth transported, under the guidance of father André. As we consider the entrance into the convent as one of the best chapters of the work, we shall extract nearly the whole of it:



‘They arrived at last at Tours, about the break of day. There was as yet no movement in the streets. The heavy gates of St Martin opened to them. They entered, and it was not till then that the hoods were removed from their faces, their arms untied, and the bandage removed from their mouths. Felix and Julia perceived themselves to be in a square court, surrounded on three sides by very lofty buildings, and closed on the fourth by a wall as high as the highest of the edifice. Opposite the wall could be recognized the side of a cathedral church, and on either side a house, which, by its grated and narrow windows and thick walls, were known to be convents.

‘The one was the convent of the nuns of St Marie de l’Ecrin, the same which Ingeltrude, daughter of Clothaire I. rebuilt and richly endowed a century after; the other, where monks of different order and costume relieved each other, in the uninterrupted chanting of psalms in the cathedral, was the celebrated convent of St Martin of Tours, the most famous, the most strict in its observances, and the richest in Gaul.

‘At the moment that Felix and Julia recovered the use of their eyes, they measured at a glance these high walls, which dampness had blackened, these narrow windows, by which so little light was admitted into the cells of the unhappy inmates, these grates, these bolts which seemed so many precautions taken in advance against the repentance of those, who had voluntarily condemned themselves to eternal captivity—against their efforts to escape, this silence, this stillness in a place where so many living beings were confined, even the grass and the moss which covered the pavement of the court and showed how little it was traversed. All these objects produced a profound impression of sadness on the minds of Felix and Julia. They cast their eyes upon each other to recal the promises of mutual fidelity, which they had made the preceding evening; but Felix perceived the tears, which glittered in the eyes of Julia, and felt that the power of the will might be weak, in opposition to the power of monkish despotism, to which they were now subjected. \* \* \*

‘The father, who conducted them, knocked at the door of the convent, crying out to the porter, “a penitent son and daughter, by order of the most holy bishop Volusianus.” The lovers pressed each other’s hands, while they bid adieu; they entered the two convents, and heard the heavy portals and bolts close behind them.

‘The porter, who had introduced Felix into the convent of the men, conducted him, without speaking a word, into a long hall, which appeared to be the refectory of the monks, and there left him alone. Felix, on seeing him depart, recalled him to ask him some questions, but the porter having informed him, that he was

to await the orders of the abbot, left him, without deigning farther reply. After about two hours, twenty monks entered the hall two and two; their eyes were cast down, their hands joined on their breasts, and they repeated a prayer. Felix approached several of them, to ask them what he ought to do himself, or what he was to expect. Every one repulsed him with a motion of impatience, indicating that he did not wish to be interrupted. The prayer at length being finished, the monk at the head of the file deigned to notice his presence, and said, "Art thou Felix Florentius?" "The same." "Sit down." At the same time all the monks sat down to table, with the exception of one, who ascended a sort of pulpit, and began to read the gospel. Several lay brothers entered, with a kind of religious gravity, bringing dishes in their hands. The table was soon abundantly covered with food, that had the appearance of being prepared with care. Every monk, and Felix also, had his portion by itself; the bread, the wine, and the dishes in equal amount. It seemed as if care had been taken that the monks should never have to ask of each other those little offices, which guests render each other at table, and never be in danger of losing each his due share by the voracity of another. For the rest, the portion assigned each was abundant enough to satisfy the most inordinate appetite. Felix witnessed, however, its rapid disappearance from the plates of each of his neighbors, while he scarcely touched his own.

'The reading went on, but the monks, much occupied with their meal, gave little attention to it. Their eyes were fixed exclusively on their plates. No look of affection, intelligence, or complaisance was exchanged between them. Condemned to pass their lives together, they were as entirely strangers to each other, as if they had never met. They were as little actuated by curiosity as by affection. When their chief had mentioned aloud the name of Felix Florentius, all eyes turned mechanically toward him, without, however, dwelling upon him, or even again returning to survey him. His appearance in the assembly had not occasioned a question, or led even to a whisper between any two present.

'Felix nevertheless thought, that, in alluding himself to his singular adventures, he might awaken their dormant curiosity, and bring on a communication with his new hosts, "When I was borne off," cried he, "last night, in the caverns of Hesodunum—" "Tush!" cried the monk, whom he addressed, pointing to the reader, but to whom he had not before paid the least attention. Felix thought, however, that he had at least said enough to awaken the curiosity of his neighbor, and that, after the reading should be interrupted, the monk himself would resume the conversation. The repast, however, being done, the reader took his place at the table to partake his, and the monk, whom Felix had addressed,

joining his hands before him and twirling his thumbs around each other, remained silent, without so much as turning his head toward Felix. The latter, after having observed him for some moments, cast his eyes upon the others, and found them all in the same attitude of repose. Out of patience, he raised his voice and demanded of the dean himself what they intended to do with him. "Tush!" replied the monk, pointing to his brethren, "do not disturb their holy meditations." Felix was silent. These meditations lasted half an hour, and Felix observing the eyes closed, and the sonorous respiration of the monks, and of the dean himself, felt himself authorized to conclude, that what was called holy meditation in a convent, bore another name in the language of the world.

'At length a clock struck. The monks aroused themselves, and with a voice half asleep began to chant an anthem, as they rose from their places. They arranged themselves again two and two to leave the refectory, in the order in which they entered. The dean then turning to Felix said, "follow us to the quire." Felix followed them. As he advanced, he found himself placed between two files of monks, who chanted with a loud voice. They traversed the interior corridors, which connected the convent with the cathedral, into which they entered behind the high altar. Another band of monks had been chanting three hours in the church. The latter did not wear the same dress, nor were they subject to the same rule, though they lived in the same convent. They left the seats where they were bestowed, to make way for the new comers, without however ceasing their psalmody; and they left the church in procession still singing. Felix now found himself in the same church, in which but a few weeks before he had seen Volusianus, when he held with this prelate a conference, in which the latter had seemed to yield him entire confidence. Felix had then been entrusted by him, in the name of the cities of Gaul, with an honorable mission. He had just returned from executing it. He had not yet even had time to render an account of it to his constituents, and he found himself now a captive, a penitent, a monk, or he knew not what, in the quire of this same cathedral, from which to all appearance he was not to be permitted to withdraw himself. On the spot where he had entered he felt himself a prisoner, though in the sight of the public. He was in the inner row of seats against the wall. On the left and on the right, and in the row of benches before him, there were monks that surrounded him and almost hid him from the sight of the devout in the church. Besides, the latter, separated from the quire by a high screen, were sufficiently remote from Felix. Notwithstanding this, he determined, should Volusianus appear, to demand justice of him, in a loud voice, and should he not appear, he hesitated whether he should not choose

the moment, when the church should be crowded with devotees, to proclaim his name, complain of a shameful violence, and demand his liberty. Nevertheless he soon judged that this last step would be a desperate measure, and that he ought not to hasten to have recourse to it, when he heard the dean saying to the beadles, ushers, and monks, "The most holy bishop orders, that if the penitent disturb our sacred functions, or make any attempt to escape, he be immediately confined in the dungeon under the tower." Reply was made to this order by an inclination in token of obedience.

Notwithstanding this threat, which he was made distinctly to hear, Felix calculated, that if he could defend himself a few moments against the monks, the tumult he should raise in the church would procure him protectors. But he was restrained by the consideration, that in this way it would be publicly known where he and Julia were to be found, and even the power of Volusianus might be insufficient to detain the latter, should Clovis demand her. He accordingly thought it more adviseable himself to submit to a captivity, which could not long endure. For the rest, the opportunity of making an effort to recover his liberty did not present itself. Neither Volusianus, nor any of the clergy whom Felix in a former visit to the cathedral had seen in his train, made their appearance. It was the hour when the inhabitants of Tours, having begun the day's work, scarcely came to the church. He only saw some old women at prayer at the foot of different altars, or at a distance the pilgrims crawling on their knees about the tomb of St Martin, and from time to time the horrid forms of the murderers and robbers, who had found an asylum in the temple. The latter seemed to look with astonishment and envy on the riches that surrounded them, without daring to raise their hands to commit a sacrilege, which they supposed would be punished with instant death. The chant of the monks meantime continued; and its drowsy monotony greatly seconded the effect of the fatigue of Felix, who from the time he left Soissons had taken no repose, who had travelled on horseback to the banks of the Loire, and who had felt little inclination to sleep while so near to Julia, or in the ruins of Hesodunum, or in the boat in which they had been carried away captive. In spite of his uncertainty, his strange recollections, and the fears not less strange which filled his imagination, his heavy eyes closed from time to time in the church. This the beadles failed not to observe, and the moment they saw him dropping asleep, touched him with their wands, and this painful struggle lasted for the three hours during which the chant of the monks continued. It seemed to him as if he had neither waked nor slept, and that he had remained in a long reverie.

At length he heard, at a distance, the approach of another band of monks, who advanced chanting in the same order, to replace those with whom he was surrounded. He remarked that between the files of those who arrived, was led a penitent, clothed in a frock like that which had been thrown upon his own shoulders at Hesodunum, and which he had been forced ever since to wear. This penitent was not a monk, he did not chant, he seemed to move forward with reluctance, and to resist the monks who conducted him. All at once he raised his voice and cried, "rescue me, citizens of Tours; deliver me from a shameful violence." But his voice was drowned in that of the monks, who began to chant or rather to yell the psalms, with all their might, at the same time that they overpowered with blows the unfortunate person, who resisted them. A stunning music from the orchestra aided in completely drowning his voice, while the good women on their knees in the temple crying out, "a demoniac, a demoniac, a demoniac!" dropped their eyes, and redoubled the fervor of their prayers.

Felix, although the voice of the pretended demoniac was altogether unknown to him, arose quickly, as if to run to his aid. But the monks at his side seized his arms and obliged him to resume his seat. The demoniac also submitted to superior strength, and the new quire of chanters took the place of the preceding. The latter left the church, chanting as it had entered, and Felix marching in the midst of them, found himself again in the corridors of the convent.

"Here the procession separated, and each monk departed for his cell. The dean pointing to Felix an open door, said to him, "Behold your cell, be ready at noon for the exercises." "What exercises," cried Felix, astonished; "what further do you demand of me?" "That you chant in the quire, or at least attend the chanting, in the morning from eight o'clock till eleven, in the evening from four o'clock till seven, and in the night from twelve o'clock only till two, and besides, that you attend our prayers at noon and at eight o'clock." "What object can you have in thus tormenting me? I am not a monk; I have no design to become one. By what right—" "It is the order of the house. All the unhappy persons in your condition are equally obliged to submit to it." "In my condition, say you, what then is my condition?" "Perhaps if I tell it you, I shall but cause the unclean spirit to descend upon you. Address yourself rather to God, and be submissive." "No, tell me what is my condition." "Since you will have it then, you are a demoniac." "Strange infatuation. I, Felix Florentius, a demoniac? I, whom your bishop charged to represent himself before Clovis, and who am just returned from an embassy, on which I protected the rights of the church?"

"Yes, you, Felix Florentius, who last night, with sacrilegious hands struck a priest in the caverns of Hesodunum, and by this execrable crime abandoned yourself to the powers of hell. You, Felix Florentius, who descended those caverns to render a service to unclean spirits, who there met with a familiar of Lucifer, presented to your eyes under the image of a woman, who were so completely enslaved by her seductions as to sacrifice your immortal soul to her, who were immediately seized by devils and plunged into a dreary gulph, made the prey of I know not how many illusions, who were hurried rapidly towards the infernal abyss, when a holy man of this convent, who was in prayer before the tomb of the glorious St Martin, had knowledge of your danger, and delivered you miraculously by his prayers, in reward, perhaps, of the services you had just rendered the church. The devils were thus compelled to deposit you this morning at the door of our convent. You see, Felix Florentius, I know your history." "How is it thus you dare relate a scandalous arrest?" "Dare, know that in our eyes your late grandeur is but as the grass when it is withered, or the dust which is borne on the wind. Here you are but a man, and while the impure spirit retains his dominion over you, you are less than a man. Here we *dare* speak the truth; we shall dare, if need be, subject you to the rule of the house. More than once we have employed force to compel demoniacs to assist in the sacred offices; but at the end of a few weeks, the unclean spirit always yields to our efforts, the paroxysms become less frequent, the intervals of repose, like that which you enjoy at present, more protracted, and he whom we were obliged to bind to drag him to the church, comes at last to repair to it with pleasure." "Is it possible that so grave a person should not doubt the reality of facts so strange? You relate them without testifying the least astonishment." "A servant of St Martin soon ceases to be astonished. Every thing in our house is prodigy. We are here more accustomed to miracles than to natural events. When we see every day the sick returning to health and the dead reviving to life; when we see the sacrilegious struck at the foot of the altar, dying on the spot as if blasted by lightning, floating in blood or groveling in foam, for having lifted a profane hand toward what was consecrated to St Martin, we have no room for wonder at adventures so ordinary as yours." "And these adventures, so common, are they known to the whole convent?" asked Felix. "Doubtless," said the dean, "yet you have witnessed that they excited neither astonishment nor curiosity among our brethren."

Such is, with the exception of a few sentences at the beginning and close, one of the best chapters in M. Sismondi's *Julia*

Severa, and we doubt not our readers will agree with us that it sustains but an indifferent comparison with the great model that involuntarily suggests itself, and which M. Sismondi has avowed as his exemplar. To pursue the analysis of the story, we add, that father André, under whose care Felix and Julia had been conducted from Hesodunum to Tours, aroused from his lethargy of implicit obedience and faith, by the enormity of the transaction, betrays to Julius Severus the place where his daughter and Felix are confined. Julius Severus immediately repairs to Clovis at Soissons to demand his interference. Clovis, already engaged in a new treaty of marriage with Clotilde, daughter of the king of Visigoths, discovers great indifference to the appeal of Julius ; but Theuderic, one of his attendant princes, with a band of hardy Franks, engages with zeal in the cause. They march to Tours and procure the release of Felix, but Julia's presence in the convent is steadily denied by the bishop, and when search is made by Julius and Sylvia Numantia, the mother of Julia, who by permission of this crafty prelate explored the convent, she is no where to be found. The reader of course anticipates, that she had been meantime despatched to some other place of confinement ; but not till she had experienced treatment at once artful and cruel, to entrap her into an avowal of paganism, or a resolution to take the veil. She resists both, and is conveyed to another retreat, where after various adventures, in the common style of romance, which we have not time to relate, both on her part and that of Felix, she is happily discovered by the latter.

Such is a very brief analysis of the story, the least valuable part we know of a novel of this class. To avoid the charge of injustice in the present case, we have been induced to make an extract of nearly a whole chapter, hoping that the fame of the author, and the little probability there is that his work will find a translator, will be our excuse for so doing. We are unable, in this or any other part of the work, to discover even the *disjecta membra* of a genius gifted for this department. In many passages, Julia Severa has strongly reminded us of Valerius ; we hold it, however, as a whole, to be quite inferior. This inferiority is especially apparent in those passages which best admit of comparison. And the reader has but to contrast the incantations of Pona in Valerius, with the inspirations of Lamia, the priestess of Bacchus, to feel the weak-

ness of M. Sismondi's pencil, compared with that of the anonymous author of the fine work in question. The philosopher Eudoxus is a Xerophrastus, but of far less choice absurdity. The fine topic of the conflict between christianity and paganism, is turned to little advantage by M. Sismondi; though the blind veneration professed by Clovis for religion of any and every kind, is well conceived and in true barbarian character. In recalling to recollection the personages introduced, we cannot fix upon one striking *eharacter*. Since the merit of the work, as a romance, is so inconsiderable, it needs scarce be added that, as an antiquarian essay, it is rather injured, than profited by the novel form. It is in vain to attempt so far to unite opposite branches of literature, that in the combination the essential features of either are sacrificed. A novel, which as a novel is ordinary, can recommend nothing else, however excellent it may be. An ignorance of this principle, is one of the causes of the dulness of Barthlemi's Anacharsis. No person of taste could endure for a moment the plot and story of Anacharsis standing by themselves, and with what reason is it to be expected that the antiquarian and historical details, which carry their own interest to persons engaged in their study, can gain new charms from that which is in itself common-place and insignificant, and which standing alone would not detain the attention a moment.

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ART. IX.—*Europe : or a general survey of the present situation of the principal powers ; with conjectures on their future prospects ; by a Citizen of the United States.* London and Boston, 8vo. pp. 451. 1822.

MUCH as has been written on the political revolution, which broke out at the close of the last century in Europe, nothing is more uncommon than rational and distinct ideas in relation to its character and influence. One reason undoubtedly is, that, at no very distant period, all classes of society felt a personal interest in the contest. Great and unexpected changes succeeded each other so rapidly, that none could deem themselves beyond their reach. There were none, whose character and condition placed them above the tumult, and enabled them to look down on it with a calm and philosophic